

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1917

Reedy's MIRROR

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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 40

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1917

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REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Don't Let's Lose Our Heads

STEADY there—everybody! We are in danger of going off in an explosion of hysteria over traitors. We are drifting into persecution for opinion's sake. All this talk of standing senators up against walls and shooting them for their actions and utterances is mere frenzy. All the legislation providing for bureaucratic suppression of publications is but a case of nerves. We can be loyally patriotic without making an insanity of our patriotism. Let the pacifists and others talk and write as much as they please, short of agitating and organizing resistance to the laws for the carrying on of the war. Of course they are exasperating in their logicality that is not reason, but it's a pertinent suggestion that we should reflect upon the situation as it would appear to us if we were in the minority. I think Senators La Follette, Reed, Stone, Gronna, Hardwick, Vardaman and publicists like Harris and Eastman and Viereck are all wrong, but I don't think the way to deal with them is by the method of the firing squad. It is absurd to damn Germany for imprisoning Liebknecht and silencing Harden and then to deal with our opponents of the war in exactly the same manner. I doubt if it would be wise for the Senate to expel members who are in an obstructive minority. We must not throw freedom overboard here to make the world safe for democracy. The people of the country are stronger for the war every day and the irreconcilables are diminishingly dangerous. By holding fast to our tolerance of dissent we will justify our professions of purpose in the war. Let the opposition oppose and it will expose its shallow folly. Talk like that of Federal Judge Burns at Houston last Monday, only makes the country ridiculous. It is injudicious and certainly unjudicial. Let reason prevail, not passion. Let us not be as crazy as the folks who prefer peace to liberty and free institutions. Let us keep the free institutions free. And let us get on with the war.

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To Multiply Manufactures Here

OUR Chamber of Commerce will organize an industrial promotion corporation to extend financial aid to new enterprises. I suppose the Chamber of Commerce members read the unique article "The Writing on the Wall" in this paper of September 21st advocating the establishment here of a great steel mill as a focus for general manufacturing enterprises. One trouble with St. Louis is that it has too many jobbers of manufactures. Their interest is against making this a great manufacturing center. They are content to let well enough alone. They are good enough citizens but they don't bring workers here. They are not distributors of pay rolls, and pay rolls make big cities and roaring business. It will be well then to encourage small "loft" manufactures in the regions now called blighted, by financing adventurers in that field who cannot obtain adequate accommodations at the banks; but as "Ernest Vulcanson" pointed out in "The Writing on the Wall," a great steel mill here would produce a progeny of small manufacturing plants that would save us the payment of tribute to Pittsburg and Gary and Birmingham. The thing to do is to go to basic steel production. Edward F. Goltra has done more in the direction of accomplishing what Mr. J. Lionberger Davis, president of the Chamber of Commerce, proposes than any other man in St. Louis, by establishing his Mississippi Valley Iron Company

in South St. Louis. That is the beginning of a basic steel industry here and, I am glad to know, a most prosperous beginning. We have cheap coal, and we can get cheap power from the Keokuk dam. Already Mr. Goltra has revived moribund river transportation of coal and ore. The Chamber of Commerce should not abandon its proposal to facilitate the multiplication of small factories, but it should go out after a big steel mill, and the cost thereof should not feaze a city like St. Louis in these days of billion dollar expenditure. The Chamber of Commerce should also address itself to the fact that the chief thing which keeps larger manufactories from coming here is the dearness of land on this side of the river. That's what has built up the mill and factory towns on the Illinois bank—Madison, Granite City, East St. Louis—where workers gather and spend millions of wages yearly. The Chamber of Commerce might take action to get control of some of the blighted property in the city and dispose of it at reasonable prices to manufacturers. It might get in line with a proposal so to tax land here now held out of use, as to force its holders to let go of it to those who would use it. Meanwhile, I commend to the Chamber of Commerce in its present awakening, a perusal of "Ernest Vulcanson's" article, "The Writing on the Wall," in the MIRROR of the 21st of September. ❖❖

Woman's Invasion of Industry

WITHOUT counting those engaged in agricultural work, domestic service and small workshops, there are now 2,637,000 women doing the work of men in England. Look at the want ad pages of the papers in the greater American cities, note the demand for women in factories, and reflect that if we have another call for men for the army, the conditions in England will be duplicated here. From the jobs the women are entering now they will not be driven after the war. The jobless man will be a mighty problem when the soldiers come home. How will it be met? There's only one way to make jobs for the jobless. That is by setting free the land to use by all who are willing to use it. The way to free the land is to tax it free.

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The Primitive Drama

ST. LOUIS is treated this week to very primitive drama. At the Jefferson, "Pollyanna;" at the Garrick, "Experience." They are crude as dramatics, abhorrent to the "intellectuals," of course; every color is laid on with a trowel; each character is the embodiment of some one virtue or vice; there are no shadings in the pictures; but they are good plays for all that, even though they have been here before. Dogmatic they are, pertinaciously preachy, but they have their own appeal to that which is in all of us, under our sophistication. Wise though we be, each of us cherishes the myth of the Absolute and we rejoice at its stage vindication. It is good to have life simplified for us, as in these plays. If life isn't like that off the stage, it's our fault, individually and collectively. And after all, the demonstration of such plays is neither more nor less satisfactory than the demonstrations in the high-brow plays of G. Bernard Shaw and others.

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Compensation for Industrial Diseases

MR. E. M. GROSSMAN, in Dr. Philip Skranika's *Medicine and Surgery*, argues effectively for the extension of the laws for workmen's compensation so as to take care of the victims of disease contracted in the course of employment as well as the victims of industrial accidents. Why should not this be done? It might be done by judicial interpretation of existent statutes. In Massachusetts the Industrial

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Accident Board administering the Workmen's Compensation act of that state has put such construction on the words "personal injuries" and "accidental injuries." The California legislature has specified occupational disease as ground for the application of Workmen's Compensation laws, and other states having compensation laws should amend them to include diseases with accidents. Congress has so provided in the new Federal Workmen's Compensation law, covering a half-million government employees. Mr. Grossman says that by such interpretations and enactments, industries will immediately be brought to feel the economic necessity for the elimination, or at least for the reduction to a minimum, of diseases incident to the character of labor many are compelled to perform for subsistence. The ultimate result would be conservation of energy and increased efficiency. That has been the effect of compensation laws as to accidents. The extension of the scope of the compensation acts would increase the extent of conformity with laws as to sanitation, ventilation, hours and general conditions of employment. We would soon be rid of many industries little less deadly than the manufacture of sulphur matches that infected the workers with "phossy jaw." Mr. Grossman declares, "When an industry, not indispensable to society, inevitably produces disease, it might well be altogether prohibited."

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To Check Extravagance

REPRESENTATIVE FITZGERALD of New York has offered in congress a resolution the merit of which is indisputable. He describes the resolution perfectly in his explanation to a reporter. "The purpose of this resolution is to concentrate during the period of the war all appropriations in a single committee," he said. "Since congress convened in April the Committee on Appropriations has passed on estimates aggregating more than \$20,000,000,000. Unless a single committee is empowered to review all the demands of the administration, to weigh the relative importance of the various requests and to eliminate all expenditures other than those imperatively required, the House will perform its most important duty in a slipshod, uninformed and unintelligent manner, that will have results which will seriously imperil the nation's ability to finance its military operations." Mr. Fitzgerald's idea is a makeshift substitute for a budget. The appropriations are voted now without regard to the relations between their objects. The expenditures are not co-ordinated in any way. A vote of money is proposed for something that appeals to the house and it goes through with a whoop, regardless of what has been voted before or may be voted after. At the pace we have started, with a billion for the new unit, there is no telling what the war will cost before it is fairly begun, for us. The estimates are not considered at all. Whatever is asked is voted, so long as it's for the war. Mr. Fitzgerald's proposal may not appeal to the majority immediately, but the congress will have to come around to it, or to something like it, or the extravagance of expenditure will become ruinous. The appropriators have been having things too much their own way. We don't want the war to be conducted parsimoniously, but we do need some restraint upon congressional enthusiasm "for the old flag and an appropriation."

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Political Puzzle in Gotham

MAYOR JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, defeated by William L. Bennett for the Republican nomination for mayor of New York, will run as an independent candidate, to beat Tammany. Some folks doubt that end will be achieved. With the opposition to Tammany split among Mitchel, independent, Bennett, Republican and Hilquitt, Socialist, the chances will be good for the election of the Tammany man. The defeat of Mitchel in the primary was a surprise, for he had the support of most of the "great" daily newspapers. He ran as a patriot, especially as an anti-German. He has a good record as an official. Yet he was beaten by an almost unknown man. The Republicans would not fuse upon him with the anti-

Tammany, anti-Socialist elements. He was the candidate of the "respectables." Tammany was supposed to have disintegrated under the influence of the strength behind him, but the primary showed the supposition to be false. If Hilquitt should poll the East Side Bolsheviks to the number expected and capture the pacifists and the pro-Germans, the result of the election may be even more surprising than the result of the primary. It is evident that the big Republican leaders who are for Mitchel have not their party well in hand. It is evident that the fight made on Mitchel because of his supposed friendliness to Rockefeller and the Gary school system and to the New York Central's scheme to control the east bank of the Hudson was effective. Tammany is out for municipal ownership. Bennett leaned somewhat to radicalism. Mitchel was the conservative candidate. Yet he was beaten. Republican leaders in the fusion camp are saying that Mitchel's campaign was bungled. They thought from the attitude of the big papers like the *World, Times, Sun, Evening Post*, etc., that he would have a walk-over. The question is whether the bungling can be repaired by running Mitchel as an independent. Gotham's mayoralty election is going to be of vast national importance. Mitchel represents conspicuously the idea of loyalty. Hilquitt runs as an anti-war man. Tammany's man, Hylan, runs for all that Tammany stands for. Bennett runs for the regular Republicans who are not above trading with Tammany. Out of such a situation may come a defeat that may give comfort to the enemy. The defeat of Mitchel would be a disaster to good government and to the cause of democracy. A rally to him as an independent may save him, but it will have to be a strong rally and it must get in its work within about thirty days.

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The McAdoo Boom

IT would not be a bad idea for President Wilson to put a quietus on the boom for his son-in-law, Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo, for the next Democratic nomination for president. Already that boom is being associated in rumor with the letting of government contracts and other matters of moment. Mr. McAdoo is an able man but his closeness to the President and his domination in the councils of the executive have started a great deal of talk of an unpleasant character, and the talk comes as well from the vicinity of Wall street as from the Adullamites of pacifism and pro-Germanism. This paragraph is written in no spirit of hostility to the Secretary of the Treasury, but simply to set forth a condition that should not be overlooked in the present general situation. The McAdoo boom is not a crime, but it will be a blunder if it be not stopped.

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The Wraith and the Roman Coin

ABOUT three times a week I am impressed into service of curious visitors to the city who want to "meet" Patience Worth. I could act as guide for such people every night, if I had the time. Last Saturday evening on a sudden call I went to the shrine of the viewless sibyl with an old and cherished woman friend from Cleveland. I'm somewhat blasé as to the oracle—one gets to be terribly at ease in Zion—but this particular evening, after seeing and hearing the communication by ouija board of about six hundred words of a novel that Mr. and Mrs. Curran call "Hope Trueblood," and witnessing some other marvels, putting my hand in my pocket I drew forth a pocketpiece and put it on the ouija board, saying, "What's that, Patience?" To this the wraith, if one may so call her, responded:

"Gang! Gang! What would ye, sire? That I take o' this to a Fair?"

I repeated the question: "What is it, Patience?" "The Fair's seller would blink at it! I tell ye I hae touched 'pon the tide o' it. And ye set o' a coin 'pon the cloth and ask that thy handmaid should set o' it! Welladay, 'tis nary a one that she hath thumbed. Ye'd make o' a ponderin', sire, and I tell ye I shall set ye naught!" Then after a pause: "I say me he who turned such a one set an uppin' one 'pon it, and, gad, 'twere little worth for such a sire!"

Mrs. Curran, busy at the board with the lady from Cleveland, merely glanced at the coin, the nature of which she could not possibly determine, and the lady from Cleveland picked it up with the hand that was not on the pointer, saying, "Why, it looks like Napoleon." To this the pointer spelled out a monition, "Lor', ye'd ope the trap and let the fox forth," for Mr. Curran and myself protested against the lady visitor saying anything about the coin. Then the pointer indicated repeatedly the letters "p—e" hesitatingly and finally spelled out, "Gabbin! I shall for to set the dame's wordin', and gang o' thy trumpery," "the dame's wordin'" meaning a message to the visitor at the board. Then I told what the coin was—a tetradrachma of the time of Tiberius, a coin of the issue to which belonged, according to numismatic experts, the thirty pieces of silver which Judas received for betraying Jesus, bearing on its respective sides heads of Tiberius and Augustus. No one in the room except myself and Mrs. Reedy had ever seen the coin before. None knew that I had such a coin. The words in the ouija board's reply that I have italicized above were a reply to my question about the coin, in this, that when she said, "I hae touched upon the tide o' it," she meant that she had written about the time of the coin, about the reign of Tiberius. The Patience Worth novel, "A Sorry Tale," deals with the time of Christ, who suffered under Tiberius, and its hero, aside from the Saviour, is a youth who is the son of Tiberius. On page 438 of the "Sorry Tale," *Hassan*, an Arab, identifies the mad protagonist of Christ, *Hatte*, thus: "And Hassan held within his hand a coin, and upon it showed a sign and this was the head of the mighty one, laureled, and he held it up and looked unto it and then unto the face of Hatte, and he bit at his lips and drops sprung his eyes. And he held it forth that Panda look upon it, and Panda did this and hung his head low." The head on the coin showed the boy's paternity. It is a laureled head. I am sure neither Mr. nor Mrs. Curran had ever seen such a coin before. As for myself, I had not thought of the coin until the minute I put it upon the ouija board. The board's words "an uppin' one 'pon it" mean a mighty one, but what is meant by "'twere little worth for such a sire," I cannot interpret, though Mr. Curran says they mean that the "thirty pieces of silver" have not brought much credit to Tiberius. The incident here narrated will stimulate the interest of all those people throughout the country who believe that Patience Worth is a discarnate spirit who knows the past and the future. But in the three years that Patience has been communicating through Mrs. Curran, she has never condescended to enter upon any such "stunt" as I put her to with the coin of Tiberius last Saturday evening. I tell the story and have no intention of proffering any explanation.

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They Shall Not Pass

THOSE bonds of the second liberty loan are better than the bonds of the first, for the man whose income is under \$5,000. They pay 4 per cent and are exempt from taxation except as income of the amount designated and over. The public should consider them an investment. Patriotism is not detracted from in buying these bonds by considering them as an investment. If the bonds are not good as an investment, nothing else is good. The money raised by the sale of the bonds will not leave this country. So far as loaned to our allies, it will only be deposited to their credit that they may pay for their purchases here. Over and above that, the man who invests in the bonds helps in the fighting, helps to shorten the war. A big success of this flotation means another nail in autocracy's and militarism's coffin. Those who cannot fight for the country can help by advancing money to the government, and the government will pay them for their help. The government will pay better than most investments to which the man of small or moderate means has access. Four per cent is excellent interest and there is absolutely no risk either—except that the Kaiser

may come over here and trounce us with his army. The prompt subscription of the loan will mean that even the remote possibility of a German invasion is eliminated. By our subscriptions not less than by the courage and devotion of our soldiers and sailors shall we assure the world "They shall not pass." Bonds are as important as bullets and as useful against the janizaries of *Kultur*.

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Willy and Nicky

THE Willy-Nicky correspondence is interesting chiefly as showing the busy-bodyness of Willy and his preoccupation with war thoughts. He never intimates that anybody has anything to say about German affairs but himself, yet there are those who maintain that the German people have a voice in government. And it is he who is always wooing Nicky, telling him "Codlin's your friend, not Short." Nicky very rarely offers any suggestions about anything. He is passive and, truth to tell, parries most of the approaches that are made to induce him to throw over France or deal double with Great Britain. He has to be urged repeatedly to acts that would discredit the Duma and finally to its dissolution. Nicky, all in all, is more decidedly on the square than Willy. Indeed, one might say that while Nicky is always polite, there is a suggestion in the letters that he feels that Willy is pestering him almost to the point of becoming a nuisance. And Willy has a cheap-novel conception of what he fondly imagines to be diplomacy. He contemplated doing to Denmark in 1905 what he did to Belgium in 1914. All the while publicly talking peace, The Kaiser discloses himself as a bad egg. And he did not succeed wholly in corrupting the Romanoff. Of the two, the Czar is incalculably the more honest man.

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The Indicted Warden

FORMER warden of the Missouri penitentiary, McClung, has been indicted for conspiracy to defraud the state in paying a contractor for cement that was never delivered. The penitentiary under McClung was conducted barbarously, even inhumanly. It was run on the theory that the public had no right to know what was done inside its walls with and to the bodies and souls of unfortunate men, or with the money of the public. Warden McClung was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee and a power in politics. He staved off investigations and defied the press and deceived legislatures. He collected political funds the accounting for which was not satisfactory to the contributors or to the party organizations for which the money was ostensibly raised. At last after four years he is brought to book. He is the kind of official that brings disgrace upon his party and his state. The worst we can hope for him is that he will get justice. We should have no more prison officials suspect of being on a lower moral plane than their convicted wards.

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Get a New Police Board

We have a police board two members of which are strong on the collection of their individual expense accounts for returning from vacations to attend to their duties. We have other commissioners who think it no wrong for policemen to raise big funds to get increase-of-salary bills through the legislature. We see one set of commissioners dropping police officials and changing their assignments, just to get even with the friends of the dropped and shifted men on the board. The police force is used in the play of petty politics. No wonder the force is demoralized and in some important particulars inefficient. We hear that certain political gangsters want a chief who won't be too hard on the crooks and their "donahs" and are in a fair way to get what they desire. Politics in the department corrupts the police at least to the extent of making them shy of interfering with the activities of the funds of petty leaders who have a pull with those higher up. There cannot be crime-waves, with policemen sharing in burglars' swag, as there cannot be extensive election crookedness, without police connivance. Governor Gardner pledged the people he would keep the police force out of politics and,

equally as important, politics out of the police force and police board. The governor has kept his word to the people in other matters more than fairly well. He should get himself a new board of police commissioners, and at the next session he should put through the legislature a law providing for superintendency of the police force by one man at a good salary and with plenary powers, but subject to removal at any time for cause. There is no other remedy unless it be a one-man system under home rule, but the Democrats of Missouri and even more emphatically the prohibitionists of Missouri will not stand for home rule for St. Louis in the matters of police and excise.

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Psychology and Air Raids

THAT the Germans continue their air-raids, dropping bombs on London, means that the Germans think such warfare will destroy the British *morale*. It has not done so yet. If the Germans so psychologize the British, it means that they are operating on the basis of the psychology of the Germans. German methods have all along miscalculated the psychology of their opponents—of Belgium, England, France, the United States, even of Russia. But the Germans have been able to control the psychology of the Germans. Evidently they reason that bombing unfortified cities and hospitals would throw Germans into a panic. Such being the case, the Allies may take their cue from the German psychologists and inaugurate a campaign of retaliation and reprisal. They may drop bombs on unfortified towns and upon hospitals. Germany has not been subjected as yet to such ravages of war as Belgium and France have known, nor to murder rained from night skies as England has been. If Germany thinks air-raids and bomb-dropping on civilians, the senseless slaughter of non-combatants, women and children will frighten the English, it is highly probable that such action by the Allies will frighten the Germans. So we read that reprisals upon German cities have begun with the dropping of bombs on Stuttgart. This will be a new experience to the Germans far behind the front. The English have long since become used to it. It has steadied them and intensified their determination to fight the war through to victory. If German military psychologists are right—and they have been right on German though wrong on Ally psychology—the reprisals will break the German spirit, already wavering as a result of a growing shortage of food.

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Another New Party

As I write, Wednesday morning, a new party is said to be born at Chicago. It is said to be made up of Prohibitionists, Progressives, Single Taxers and Social Democrats. It were folly to condemn the new party before seeing its principles authoritatively stated, but one may doubt the need of a new party now, considering the changes due to the war, in our political and social structure, to which both the old parties are committed. The country is extensively socialized and to a vast extent prohibitionized and the indications are that there will be further progress, rather than recession from those advanced positions. Moreover, in this tax-burdened time the people are learning enough about taxes to see the force of the argument for one sole single tax upon community-created land values as a substitute for all the other taxes now laid upon industry. As for progressivism, all the political leaders have gone far beyond Col. Roosevelt's position in 1912. I do not look favorably upon another new party, because, from all accounts, the Socialist party, with its accessions of pacifists and German sympathizers, is going to be a third party of great numerical strength and enormous intellectual power. I think that as against this crescent Socialist organization, made in Germany, Americans should not be split up into factions more than they are. Like *Smid, son of Troll*, in "*Hypatia*," "I go with mine own people."

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Peace Ready to Serve

THERE'S a pause in peace talk; but peace is simmering and will soon be ready to serve. It will be

served to the taste of the greater number of guests at the board, and not to the Kaiser's taste alone. The menu will be Belgium and Northern France restored and compensated, Austra-Hungary federalized, representative government established in Germany, general disarmament, a league of peace, and some trimmings like the neutralization of the Dardanelles and the independence of the small nations. As Max Eastman says, President Wilson has told the Entente what their peace terms are, and Germany under pressure of embargo and weakening on all fronts will have to accept the same. The peace banquet won't be served as hot as Great Britain or even France or Italy may want it, but Uncle Sam is the chief cook now and he will not permit others to make a mess of the meal for which the whole world hungers.

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National Prohibition Unnecessary

By Robert Blackwood

ATTEMPT to secure the enactment of a national prohibitory law, under the pretext of conserving our grain supply, having failed in congress, that body is now being urged to submit to the states a constitutional amendment, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and importation of alcoholic beverages. This amendment has already been passed by the senate, and will come before the house of representatives when congress meets in December.

The grounds on which this action by congress is advocated are the assertions that national prohibition is needed in order to secure the enforcement of state prohibitory laws; and that, under a constitutional amendment, laws forbidding the manufacture and sale of liquors would be more strictly enforced by the federal authorities than similar state legislation has been. It is conceded that the regulation of the liquor traffic is one of the police powers expressly reserved to the several states, but it is claimed that these powers cannot be made effective without federal co-operation. No proof is offered in support of this contention, for the good reason that there is none.

By the enactment of the Webb-Kenyon law, giving the states complete control of the interstate traffic in liquors, congress has given each state the power to exclude all liquor from its territory. The Reed "bone-dry" law, enacted this year, makes it a felony to ship liquor into prohibition states. These laws enable the states to be as dry as they choose, and even those prohibition states which permitted the importation of liquor for personal use will be made "bone-dry," so far as the shipment of liquor from wet territory is concerned.

Congress having made it possible for each and all of the states absolutely to prohibit the making or selling of liquor, there is now not the slightest excuse for further action, either by direct legislation, or the pending amendment. The states now have all the power that they would have under national prohibition, and if they fail to enforce their laws, it is because public sentiment is not united in their favor.

The claim that federal prohibitory laws would be better enforced than state laws has no foundation in fact. Under the present internal revenue system, the national government, because of its desire to collect the enormous revenues derived by taxes on liquors, does enforce the laws against their illicit production. With the abandonment of the present tax system, there would be no incentive for the strict supervision of the liquor traffic now exercised by internal revenue agents, and the same conditions of lax law enforcement which are found in most prohibition territory, would prevail wherever public sentiment was opposed to the restrictive laws.

The real reason why the prohibitionists advocate the Sheppard amendment is the fact that, under the system by which the constitution is changed, it is possible to secure the adoption of that amendment by a minority of the voters of the country. In voting on amendments a state with 50,000 voters counts

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the same as a state with 500,000. Thus Nevada, which cast about 20,000 votes at the late presidential election, would count as much as Illinois, with 900,000 voters. Arizona, with 23,000 votes, would be equal to New York with 1,600,000. Thirty-six states have a population of 46,000,000, while the other twelve states have 56,000,000. If the thirty-six state legislatures should ratify the prohibition amendment, it would be adopted, and the 56,000,000 would be subjected, in a matter concerning their personal tastes and habits, to the rule of the 46,000,000.

The agitation for national prohibition is a confession on the part of those who believe that men can be made temperate by law that state prohibitory laws will not be enforced, even with the powers conferred on them by the Webb-Kenyon law. It is notorious that many states have adopted prohibition legislation with special provisions allowing the importation by individuals of a quantity of liquors larger than the average per capita consumption of the entire country. Unless such concessions had been made, the enactment of these laws would have been impossible. By placing on the federal government the responsibility for law-enforcement the prohibitionists hope to escape from the reproach of constant law-violation existing in all dry states. There is no reason for thinking that if the several states cannot enforce sumptuary laws, the national government, far removed from the law-ignoring communities, can do any better. As stated by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts in the debate on the Sheppard amendment, a standing army of 500,000 men could not prevent cider becoming hard, or alcoholic, wine from fermenting, or the illicit production of moonshine whiskey. The result of national prohibition would merely be to substitute for the manufacture and sale of liquors under strict government supervision, their illicit production and sale by "moonshiners" and "bootleggers."

♦♦♦

Neanderthal

By Edgar Lee Masters

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THEN what is life?" I cried. And with that cry I woke from deeper slumber—was it sleep?—And saw a hooded figure standing by The bed whereon I lay.

"Why do you keep, O spirit beautiful and swift, this guard About my slumber? Shelley, from the deep Why do you come with veiled face, mighty bard, As that unearthly shape was veiled to you At Casi Magni?"

Then the room was starred With light as I was speaking, and I knew The god, my brother, from whose face the veil Melted as mist.

"What mission fair and true, While I am sleeping, brings you? For I pale Amid this solemn stillness, for your face Unutterably majestic."

As when the dale At midnight echoes for a little space The night-bird's cry, the god responded "Come," And nothing more. I left my bed apace And followed him with wings above the gloom Of clouds like chariots driven on to war, Between whose wheels the swift moon raced and swum.

A mile beneath us lay the earth, afar Were mountains which as swift as thought drew near As we passed over pines where many a star And heaven's light made every frond as clear As through a glass or in the lightning's flash. . . . Yet I seemed flying from an olden fear, A bulk of black that sought to sting or gnash My breast or side—which was myself, it seemed, The flesh or thinking part of me grown rash

And violent, a brain soul unredeemed, Which sometime earlier in the grip of Death Forgot its terror when my soul which stream'd Like ribbons of silk fire, with quiet breath Said to the body, as it were a thing Separate and indifferent: "How unfeigned That fellow turns, while I am safe yet cling Close to him, both another and the same." Now was this mood reversed: that self must wing Its fastest flight to fly him, lest he maim With fleshly hands my better stronger part, As dragon wings may flap and quench a flame. . . . But as we passed o'er empires and athwart A bellowing strait, beholding bergs and floes And running tides which made the sinking heart Rise up again for breath, I felt how close The god, my brother, was, who would sustain My wings whatever dangers might oppose, And knowing him beside me, like a strain Of music were his thoughts, though nothing yet Was spoken by him.

When as out of rain Suddenly lights may break, the earth was set Beneath us, and we stood and paused to see The Düssel river from a parapet Of earth and rock. Then bending curiously, As reaching, in a moment with his hand He scraped the turf and stones, pried up a key Of harder granite, and at his command, When he had made an opening, I slid And sank, down, down through the Devonian land Until with him I reached a cavern hid From every eye but ours, and where no light But from our faces was, a pyramid Of hills that walled this crypt of soundless night. Then in a mood, it seemed more fanciful, He bent again and raked, and to my sight Upheaved and held the remnant of a skull—Gorilla's or a man's, I could not guess. Yet brutal though it was, it was a hull Too fine and large to house the nakedness Of a beast's mind.

But as I looked the god Began these words: "Before the iron stress Of the north pole's dominion fell, he trod The wastes of Europe, ere the Nile was made A granary for the east, or ere the clod In Babylon or India baked was laid For hovels, this man lived. Ten thousand years Before the earliest pyramid cast its shade Upon the desolate sands this thing of fears, Lusts, hungers, lived and hunted, woke and slept, Mated, produced its kind, with hairy ears And tiger eyes sensed all that you accept In terms of thought or vision as the proof Of immanent Power or Love. But this skull kept The intangible meaning out. This heavy roof Of brutish bone above the eyes was dead Even to lower ethers, no behoof Of seasons, stars or skies took, though they bred Suspicions, fears, or nervous glances, thought, Which silent as a lizard's shadow fled Before it graved itself, passed over, wrought No vision, only pain, which he deemed pangs Of hunger or of thirst.

As you have sought The meaning of life's riddle, since it hangs In waking or in slumber just above The highest reach of prophecy, and fangs With poison of despair all moods but love, Behold its secret lettered on this brow Placed by your own!

This is the word thereof: *Change and progression from the glazed slough, Where life creeps and is blind, ascending up The jungled slopes for prey till spirits bow On Calvaries with crosses, take the cup Of martyrdom for truth's sake.*

* It may be Men of to-day make monstrous war, sleep, sup, Traffic, build shrines, as earliest history

Records the earliest day, and that the race Is what it was in virtue, charity And nothing better. But within this face No light shone from that realm where Hindostan Delving in numbers, watching stars took grace And inspiration to explore the plan Of heaven and earth. And of the scheme the test Is not five thousand years, which leave the van Just where it was, but this change manifest In fifty thousand years between the mind Neanderthal's and Shelly's.

Man progressed

Along these years, found eyes where he was blind, Put instinct under thought, crawled from the cave And faced the sun, till somewhere heaven's wind Mixed with the light of Lights descending, gave To mind a touch of divinity, making whole An undeveloped growth.

As ships that brave

Great storms at sea on masts a flaming coal From heaven catch, bear on, so man was wretched Somewhere with lightning and became a soul. Into his nostrils purer fire was breathed Than breath of life itself, and by a leap, As lightning leaps from crag to crag, what seethed In man from the beginning broke the sleep That lay on consciousness of self, with eyes Awakened saw himself, out of the deep And wonder of the self caught the surmise Of Power beyond this world, and felt it through The flow of living.

And so man shall rise

From this illumination, from this clue To perfect knowledge that this Power exists, And what man is to this Power, even as you Have left Neanderthal lost in the mists And ignorance of centuries untold.

What would you say if learned geologists Out of the rocks and caverns should unfold The skulls of greater races, records, books To shame us for our day, could we behold Therein our retrogression? Wonder looks In vain for these, discovers everywhere Proof of the root which darkly bends and crooks Far down and far away; a stalk more fair Upspringing finds its proof, buds on the stalk The eye may see, at last the flowering flare Of man to-day!

I see the things which balk,

Retard, divert, draw into sluices small, But who beholds the stream turned back to mock, Not just itself, but make equivocal A Universal Reason, Vision? No. You find no proof of this, but prodigal Proof of ascending Life!

So life shall flow

Here on this globe until the final fruit And harvest. As it were until the glow Of the great blossom has the attribute In essence, color of eternal things, And shows no rim between its hues which suit The infinite sky's. Then if the dead earth swings A gleaned and stricken field amid the void What matters it to you, a soul with wings, Whether it be replanted or destroyed? Has it not served you?"

Now his voice was still

Which in such discourse had been thus employed. And in that lonely cavern dark and chill I heard again, "Then what is life?" And woke To find the moonlight on the window sill That which had seemed his presence. And a cloak, Whose hood was perched upon the moonbeams, made The skull of the Neanderthal. The smoke Blown from the fireplace formed the cavern's shade. And roaring winds blew down as they had tuned The voice which left me calm and unafraid.

Arthur Machen

A NOVELIST OF ECSTASY AND SIN

By Vincent Starrett

SOME thirty odd years ago a young man of twenty-two, the son of a Welsh clergyman, fresh from school and with his head full of a curiously occult mediaevalism, privately acquired from yellowed palimpsests and dog-eared volumes of black letter, wrote a classic. More, he had it published. Only one review copy was sent out; that was to *Le Livre*, of Paris. It fell into the hands of Octave Uzanne, who instantly ordered Rabelais and Boccaccio to "shove over" on the immortal seats and make room by their side for the author. The book was "The Chronicle of Clemency;" the author, Arthur Machen.

Three years ago, about, not long after the great war first shook the world, a London evening newspaper published inconspicuously a purely fictional account of a supposed incident of the British retreat from Mons. It described the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt at a time when the British were sore pressed by the German hordes. Immediately, churchmen, spiritualists, and a host of others, seized upon it as an authentic record and the miracle as an omen. In the hysteria that followed, Arthur Machen, its author, found himself a talked-of man, because he wrote to the papers denying that the narrative was factual. Later, when his little volume, "The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War," appeared in print, it met with an extraordinary success. But what had Machen been doing all those long years between 1885 and 1914?

In a day of haphazard fiction and rhodomontade criticism, the advent of a master workman is likely to be unheralded, if, indeed, he is fortunate enough to find a publisher to put him between covers. Mr. Machen is not a newcomer, however, as we have seen; no immediate success with a "best seller" furnishes an incentive for a complimentary notice. He is an unknown, in spite of "Clemency," in spite of "The Bowmen," in spite of everything. For thirty years he has been writing English prose, a period ample for the making of a dozen reputations of the ordinary kind, and in that time he has produced just ten books. In thirty years Harold Bindloss and Rex Beach will have written one-hundred-and-ten books and sold the moving picture rights of them all.

Of course, it is exactly because he does not write books of the ordinary kind that Arthur Machen's reputation as a writer was not made long ago. His apotheosis will begin after his death. The insectial fame of the "popular" novelist is immediate; it is born at dawn and dies at sunset. The enduring fame of the artist too often is born at sunset, but it is immortal.

More than Hawthorne or Tolstoy, Machen is a novelist of the soul. He writes of a strange borderland, lying somewhere between Dreams and Death, peopled with shades, beings, spirits, ghosts, men, women, souls—what shall we call them?—the very notion of whom stops vaguely just short of thought. He writes of the life Satyr-ic. For him Pan is not dead; his votaries still whirl through woodland windings to the mad pipe that was Syrinx, and carouse fiercely in enchanted forest grottoes (hidden somewhere, perhaps, in the fourth dimension!). His meddling with the crucibles of science is appalling in its daring, its magnificence, and its horror. Even the greater works of fictional psychology—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," if you like—shrink before his astounding inferences and suggestions.

It is his theory that the fearful and shocking rites of the Bacchic cultus survive in this disillusioned age; that Panic lechery and wickedness did not cease with the Agony, as Mrs. Browning and others would have us believe.

Of Hawthorne, Arthur Symons wrote: "He is haunted by what is obscure, dangerous, and on the

confines of good and evil." Machen crosses those perilous frontiers. He all but lifts the veil; himself, indeed, passes behind it. But the curtain drops behind him and we, hesitating to follow, see only dimly the phantasmagoria beyond; the ecstasies of vague shapes with a shining about them, on the one hand; on the other the writhings of animate gargoyles. And we experience, I think, a distinct sense of gratitude toward this terrible guide for that we are permitted no closer view of the mysteries that seem to him so clear.

We glimpse his secrets in transfiguring flashes from afar, as Launcelot viewed the San Graal, and, like that tarnished knight, we quest vainly a tangible solution, half in apprehension, always in glamour. But it is like Galahad we must seek the eternal mysteries that obsess Arthur Machen. There is no solution but in absolution, for it is the mysteries of life and death of which he writes, and of life-in-death and death-in-life. This with particular reference to Machen's two most important books, "The House of Souls" and "The Hill of Dreams," in which he reaches his greatest stature as a novelist of the soul. (See, by the way, his story, "The Coming of the Terror," in *The Century* for October. It is also published in book form this week by McBride, New York.)

There are those who will call him a novelist of Sin, quibbling about a definition. With these I have no quarrel; the characterizations are synonymous. His books exhale all evil and all corruption; yet they are as pure as the fabled waters of that crystal spring De Leon sought. They are pervaded by an ever-present, intoxicating sense of sin, ravishingly beautiful, furiously Pagan, frantically lovely; but Machen is a finer and truer mystic than the two-penny occultists who guide modern spiritualistic thought. If we are to subscribe to his curious philosophy, to be discussed later, we must believe that there is no paradox in this.

But something of what we are getting at is explained in his own pages, in this opening paragraph from his story, "The White People," in "The House of Souls": "'Sorcery and sanctity,' said Ambrose, 'these are the only realities. Each is an ecstasy, a withdrawal from the common life.'" And, a little later, in this:

"One gathers from a general vagueness on the subject that sin is not popular in these times. There are, of course, new sins and advanced sins and higher sins, all of which are intensely interesting. The chief puzzle to the lay mind is why they should bear these names, since they are usually neither new, advanced and high, nor particularly sinful. I am speaking of sin as an offense against the nature of things, and of evil in the soul, which has very little to do with the sins of the statute book. Sin, according to the same Ambrose I have quoted, is conceivable in the talking of animals. If a chair should walk across a room, that would be sinful, or if a tree sat down with us to afternoon tea. The savage who worships a conjurer is a far finer moralist than the civilised who suspects him—and I use the name moralist for one who has an appreciation of sin"

"There is something profoundly unnatural about sin the essence of which really is in the taking of heaven by storm."

This is not the sin of the legal code. Ambrose I conceive to be Arthur Machen. There are only two realities; sorcery and sanctity—sin and sainthood—and each is an ecstasy. Arthur Machen's is the former.

Perhaps his most remarkable story—certainly I think his most terrible story, is "The Great God Pan," at first published separately with "The Inmost Light," now occurring in "The House of Souls." It is the story of an experiment upon a girl, as a result of which, for a moment, she is permitted a sight of the Great God, beyond the veil, with shocking consequences. Yet it is told with exquisite reticence and grace, and with a plausibility that is as extraordinary as it is immoral. Here is the conclusion of that story:

"What I said Mary would see, she saw, but I forgot that no human eyes could look on such a vision with impunity. And I forgot, as I have just said, that when the house of life is thus thrown

open, there may enter in that for which we have no name, and human flesh may become the veil of a horror one dare not express. . . . The blackened face, the hideous form upon the bed, changing and melting before your eyes from woman to man, from man to beast, and from beast to worse than beast, all the strange horror that you witnessed, surprises me but little. What you say the doctor you sent for saw and shuddered at, I noticed long ago; I knew what I had done the moment the child was born, and when it was five years old I surprised it, not once or twice, but several times, with a playmate, you may guess of what kind. . . . And now Helen is with her companions."

There is the very quintessence of horror in the unutterable suggestion of such passages. As for "The Hill of Dreams," I have found its reading one of the most desolate and appalling experiences in literature. Reading it, himself, years after publication, its author decided that it was a "depressing book." That is undoubtedly true, but spiritually as well as technically it marks to date the topmost pinnacle of his tormented genius. It reaches heights so rarefied that breathing literally becomes painful. To the casual reader this sounds absurd; hyperbolical if not hypocritical rant; but in a day when a majority of critics find it difficult to restrain themselves in speaking of Harold Bell Wright, and place Jeffery Farnol beside Fielding and Tristam Shandy, one cannot go far wrong in indulging a few enthusiasms for so genuine an artist as Arthur Machen.

Quite as important as what Mr. Machen says is his manner of saying it. He possesses an English prose style which in its mystical suggestion and beauty is unlike any other I have encountered. There is ecstasy in his pages. Joris Karl Huysmans in a really good translation suggests Machen better, perhaps, than another; both are debtors to Baudelaire.

The "ecstasy" one finds in Machen's work (of which more anon) is due in no small degree to his beautiful English "style"—an abominable word. But Machen is no mere word-juggler. His vocabulary, while astonishing and extensive, is not affectedly so. Yet his sentences move to sonorous, half-submerged rhythms, swooning with pagan color and redolent of sacerdotal incense. What is the secret of this graceful English method? It is this: he achieves his striking results and effects through his noteworthy gift of selection and arrangement. I had reached this conclusion, I think, before I encountered a passage from "The Hill of Dreams" which clinched it:

"Language, he understood, was chiefly important for the beauty of its sounds, by its possession of words resonant, glorious to the ear, by its capacity, when exquisitely arranged, of suggesting wonderful and indefinable impressions, perhaps more ravishing and further removed from the domain of strict thought than the impressions excited by music itself. Here lay hidden the secret of the sensuous art of literature; it was the secret of suggestion, the art of causing sensation by the use of words."

Was it ever better expressed? He defines his method and exhibits its results at the same time. And dipping almost at random into the same volume, here is a further example of the method:

"Slowly and timidly he began to untie his boots, fumbling with the laces, and glancing all the while on every side at the ugly, misshapen trees that hedged the lawn. Not a branch was straight, not one was free, but all were interlaced and grew one about another; and just above ground, where the cankered stems joined the protuberant roots, there were forms that imitated the human shape, and faces and twining limbs that amazed him. Green mosses were hair, and tresses were stark in grey lichen; a twisted root swelled into a limb; in the hollows of the rooted bark he saw the masks of men. . . . As he gazed across the turf and into the thicket, the sunshine seemed really to become green, and the contrast between the bright glow poured on the lawn and the black shadows of the brake made an odd flickering light in which all the grotesque postures of stem and root began to stir; the wood was alive. The turf beneath him heaved and sunk as with the deep swell of the sea. . . ."

And:

"He could imagine a man who was able to live on one sense while he pleased; to whom, for example, every impression of touch, taste, hearing, or seeing should be translated into odor; who at

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the desired kiss should be ravished with the scent of dark violets, to whom music should be the perfume of a rose garden at dawn."

This is not prose at all, but poetry, and poetry of a high order.

So much for Arthur Machen as a novelist. It is a fascinating subject, but it is also an extensive one, and the curious, tenuous quality of his work may lead one into indiscretions.

The peculiar philosophy of Arthur Machen is set down in "Hieroglyphics" and in "Dr. Stiggins: His Views and Principles." The first chapter of the latter work is a scathing satire on certain foibles and idiosyncrasies of the American people—such as lynching, vote-buying, and food-adulteration—but as it is, on the whole, a polemical volume which, by the nature of the subjects it treats, can have no permanent interest, it may be put to one side; although as a specimen of Machen's impeccable prose it must not be ignored.

In "Hieroglyphics" he returns to those ecstasies mentioned in "The White People" and gives us further definitions. The word ecstasy is merely a symbol; it has many synonyms. It means rapture, adoration, a withdrawal from common life, the other things. "Who can furnish a precise definition of the indefinable? They (the "other things") are sometimes in the song of a bird, sometimes in the whirl of a London street, sometimes hidden under a great, lonely hill. Some of us seek them with most hope and the fullest assurance in the sacring of the mass, others receive tidings through the sound of music, in the color of a picture, in the shining form of a statue, in the meditation of eternal truth."

"Hieroglyphics" is Arthur Machen's theory of literature, brilliantly exposed by that "cyclical mode of discoursing" that was affected by Coleridge. He seeks a mark of division which is to separate fine literature from mere literature, and finds the solution in the one word ecstasy (or, if you prefer, beauty, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown), with this conclusion: "If ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature, if it be absent, then, in spite of all the cleverness, all the talents, all the workmanship and observation and dexterity you may show me, then, I think, we have a product (possibly a very interesting one) which is not fine literature."

Following this reasoning, by an astonishing sequence of arguments, he proceeds to the bold experiment of proving "Pickwick" possessed of ecstasy, and "Vanity Fair" lacking it. The case is an extreme one, he admits, deliberately chosen to expound his theory to the *n*th degree. The analytical key to the test is found in the differentiation between art and artifice, a nice problem in such extreme instances as Poe's "Dupin" stories and Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," as Mr. Machen points out. By this ingenious method the "Odyssey," "Oedipus," "Morte D'Arthur," "Kubla Khan," "Don Quixote," and "Rabelais" immediately are proven fine literature; a host of other esteemed works merely, if you like, good literature.

"Pantagruel" by a more delicate application of the test becomes a finer work than "Don Quixote," and in the exposition of this dictum we come upon one of the mountain peaks of Machen's amazing philosophy.

He begins the discussion with a jest about the enormous capacity for strong drink exhibited by *Mr. Pickwick* and his friends, and reminds us that it was the god of wine in whose honor Sophocles wrote his dramas and choral songs, who was worshipped and invoked at the Dionysiaca; and that all the drama arose from the celebration of the Bacchic mysteries. He goes on to the "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," which reek of wine as Dickens does of brandy and water.

The Rabelaisian history begins: "*Grandgousier estoit bon raillard en son temps, aimant à boire net,*" and ends with the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, with the word "*Trinch . . . un mot panomphée, célébré et entendu de toutes nations, et nous signifie, beuves.*" "And I refer you," continues Machen, "to the allocution of Bacbuc, the priestess of the Bottle, at

large. 'By wine,' she says, 'is man made divine,' and I may say that if you have not got the key to these Rabelaisian riddles, much of the value—the highest value—of the book is lost to you."

Seeking the meaning of this Bacchic cultus, this apparent glorification of drunkenness in all lands and in all times, from Ancient Greece through Kenescent France to Victorian England, by peoples and persons not themselves given to excess, he finds it again in the word ecstasy.

"We are to conclude that both the ancient people and the modern writers recognized ecstasy as the supreme gift and state of man, and that they chose the Vine and the juice of the Vine as the most beautiful and significant symbol of that Power which withdraws a man from the common life and the common consciousness, and taking him from the dust of earth, sets him in high places, in the eternal world of ideas. . . . Let us never forget that the essence of the book ('Pantagruel') is in its splendid celebration of ecstasy, under the figure of the Vine."

At this point Mr. Machen places the "key" in our hands and declines further to reveal his secrets. In *Mr. Pickwick's* overdose of milk punch we are to find, ultimately, "a clue to the labyrinth of mystic theology."

By his own test we are enabled to place Arthur Machen's greatest works on the shelf with "Don Quixote" and "Pantagruel;" by his own test we find the ecstasy of which he speaks in his own pages, under the symbol of the Vine, and under figures even more beautiful and terrible. For minor consideration he finds in Rabelais another symbolism of ecstasy:

"The shape of gauloiserie, of gross, exuberant gaiety, expressing itself by outrageous tales, outrageous words, by a very cataract of obscenity, if you please, if only you will notice how the obscenity of Rabelais transcends the obscenity of common life; his grossness is poured out in a sort of mad torrent, in a frenzy, a very passion of the unspeakable."

In Cervantes he finds the greater deftness, the finer artifice, but he believes the conception of Rabelais the higher because it is the more remote. *Pantagruel's* "more than frankness, its ebullition of grossness . . . is either the merest lunacy, or else it is sublime." And the paragraph that succeeds this one in the book, perhaps it is part of the same paragraph, sums up this astonishing philosophy with a conclusion calculated to shock the Puritanic. Thus:

"Don't you perceive that when a certain depth has been passed you begin to ascend into the heights? The Persian poet expresses the most transcendental secrets of the Divine Love by the grossest phrases of the carnal love; so Rabelais soars above the common life, above the streets and the gutter by going far lower than the streets and the gutter: he brings before you the highest by positing that which is lower than the lowest, and if you have the prepared, initiated mind, a Rabelaisian 'list' is the best preface to the angelic song. (C) All this may strike you as extreme paradox, but it has the disadvantage of being true, and perhaps you may assure yourself of its truth by recollecting the converse proposition—that it is when one is absorbed in the highest emotions that the most degrading images will intrude themselves."

And so on. . . . The sense of the futility almost of attempting to explain Machen becomes more pronounced as I progress. You will have to read him. You will find his books (if you are fortunate) in a murky corner of some obscure second-hand bookshop.

Arthur Machen was born in 1863. He is married and has two children. That is an astonishing thought, after reading "The Inmost Light." It is surprising indeed to learn that he was *born*. He is High Church, "with no particular respect for the Archbishop of Canterbury," and necessarily subconsciously Catholic, as must be all those "lonely, awful souls" who write ecstasy across the world. He hates puritanism with a sturdier hatred than inspires Chesterton; for a brilliant exposition of this aversion I commend readers to his mocking introduction to "The House of Souls." That work, "The Hill of Dreams," and "Hieroglyphics" were written between 1890 and 1900, after which their author turned strolling player and alternated for a time between the smartest theatres

in London and the shabbiest music halls in London's East End. For the last six years or so he has been a descriptive writer on the London *Evening News*.

His works not before mentioned comprise a translation (the best) of the "Heptameron;" "Fantastic Tales," a collection of mediaeval whimsies, partly translated and partly original and altogether delightful; "The Terror," a "shilling shocker" (his own characterization), but a finer work withal than most of the "literature" of the day, and "The Great Return," an extraordinary short tale which may find place some day in another such collection as "The House of Souls."

The day is coming when a number of serious charges will be laid against us who live in this generation, and some severe questions asked, and the fact that we will be dead, most of us, when the future fires its broadside, has nothing at all to do with the case.

We are going to be asked, *post-mortem*, why we allowed Ambrose Bierce to vanish from our midst, unnoticed and unsought, after ignoring him shamefully throughout his career; why Stephen Crane, after a few flamboyant reviews, was so quickly forgotten at death; why Richard Middleton was permitted to swallow his poison at Brussels; why W. C. Morrow and Walter Blackburn Harte were in our day only known to the initiated, discriminating few, their fine, golden books merely rare "items" for the collector. Among other things posterity is going to demand of us is why, when the opportunity was ours, we did not open our hearts to Arthur Machen and name him among the very great.



Tales While You Wait

By Addison Lewis

I. THE SIGN PAINTER
(Copyright by Addison Lewis, 1917)

WOULD you have cared to have met a sign painter by the name of Rubels? Perhaps not, for he wore a dirty white cap and his face and hands were always stained and daubed with paint colors. There was paint even under his finger nails. He was a walking advertisement for his trade. Nor was he an ordinary sign painter. You have seen many times the very ornate signs advertising cigars, with portraits of Henry George, Lawrence Barrett, Tom Moore, and other notables. Rubels used to paint signs like that, and country scenes, galloping horses, elegant ladies and gentlemen, and so on. He was really no ordinary sign painter, and he made very good wages—for a sign painter.

Rubels had a nice little home on the fringe of the metropolis, a nice little wife and a wonderful little daughter, six years old, with blue eyes, golden hair and a beaming face, which was a joy to look upon. He had every reason to be happy, his friends said. Yes, there was every reason, if he had not had an ambition. Ambitions, like weasels, are hard things to carry around. They keep jumping out, and cause no end of unhappiness and trouble to their owners to get them back where they belong. Rubel's ambition kept jumping out and making him unhappy most of the time.

According to the rules of his trade, all the painting he did was copy work. That is, when he had to paint a portrait on a sign, he was given a miniature model, which he copied faithfully, enlarging it to whatever size was necessary to fill the required space. Now, Rubels had been copying for a good many years, and he felt he had learned all there was to be learned about that. He yearned to do some original work. He ached to express himself in a picture of some kind that should be all his own—his own selection of a subject and his own working out of the details. He wanted to know that he was not a mere copy-cat. He wanted them to appreciate that he had ideas to express. In short, he wanted to be an artist.

But how the devil could a fellow be a sign painter and an artist at the same time? The sign companies

and the men who advertised goods on the signs wouldn't stand for original work. Not for a minute. So poor Rubels had to content himself with making little paintings at home. He painted his cat, and his cow, and a neighbor's dog—and once he tried his wife's face. But that was so plain it didn't offer much inspiration. No one paid any attention to his work, except his little daughter. She used to clap her hands at the "pitty pitchers" her papa made.

Rubels after a while grew very discouraged. An artist can't work unless he receives some encouragement, some appreciative criticism, no matter how little or how seldom given. And Rubels got none.

One day, in desperation he decided he would force the attention of the world upon his talent. He would do a bold and daring thing—and take the consequences.

He had received orders to paint a large sign near an amusement park in a neighborhood where people congregated on Sundays and in the evenings, but was practically deserted during week days. The sign was to advertise "The Eva Tanguay" ten-cent cigar, and he had been given a brightly-tinted lithograph of that popular musical comedy actress to copy. But Rubels had no such intention.

He spent a day or so blocking in the lettered part of the sign. The next morning he asked his little daughter if she would like to go with him. She was wild to go, and her mother readily gave her consent, glad to be relieved of her care for a day. So Rubels and the little girl set out, with lunch enough for two, and did not return till nightfall. The next day they did the same, and the next, and so on, for nearly two weeks. All the time both appeared to be very happy—and to be sharing a great secret which Mother Rubels for the life of her could not get from them.

Two weeks is a long time to spend on a sign, but Rubels made various excuses to his employers, and being a good workman, they let him alone.

On the Sunday after it was done, however, the crowd of pleasureseekers on their way to the amusement park were greeted by a most unusual sign-board. The letters advertising "The Eva Tanguay" ten-cent cigar were there right enough, but instead of the portrait of that gay young woman, who is, as everyone knows, anything but childlike in appearance, they gazed upon the picture of a little, golden-haired girl, holding a red geranium in her hand. And gazing, they smiled broadly at the incongruity. The subject of the portrait was small Dora Rubels.

But as they looked more intently, in spite of the crudeness in drawing, a certain demure charm about the little maid on the sign held their eyes with something like fascination—something in the pose of the little head, something lurking in the blue eyes, something about the red geranium held coyly in the little hand—who knows exactly what?—but at any rate, something held them and filled their minds with sweet thoughts, if only for a moment. The general opinion was summed up briefly in the remark of a sporty-looking individual who exclaimed soberly after a long look: "The kid's pitcher gets me—'at's all."

And a little man in a cheap "Sunday suit," with traces of paint still showing on his hands and face, in spite of many washings, looked on with quiet satisfaction from the outskirts of the crowd. He loitered about the place for several hours, watching with a satisfaction that soon grew into exultation, the crowds admiring his portrait. At dusk he went home strangely exalted, and could hardly eat any supper because of excitement over his success.

But the next day came the reckoning. At noon Rubels was summoned to the manager's office. An official of the company had inspected his newly-finished sign that morning, as was the rule, and had promptly reported the glaring discrepancy. The manager was wrathful. He asked for no explanations, and informed Mr. Sign Painter Rubels that, if he were not a good workman, he would discharge him on the spot. However, Rubels was to rub out "his" portrait as quickly as possible and put Eva

Tanguay where she belonged. Rubels replied quietly that he would do no such thing. He would paint Eva Tanguay some place else, anywhere, on every block in the city if need be, but he would not touch the sign he had just completed.

The manager gave him a keen look. He was beginning to doubt Rubels' sanity. Very well, he would have to give him a choice then—he must either change the sign or get his time.

Rubels did not hesitate. "I will take my time," he said.

So Rubels was discharged. He got his money and went out to have a last look at his sign. He was not very happy over losing his job, but a voice inside him said unmistakably that he had done right. When he reached the sign, painters were already beginning to daub over the smiling features of little Dora.

Rubels stood on the sidewalk, and watched them helplessly. A single tear stole furtively down his cheek. He brushed it away with an angry gesture. A man passed and stopped near him to gaze at the sign.

"It's a shame," Rubels heard him say. "That kid-pitcher wasn't no ad' for a sig-gar—but it was cute as they make 'em." He paused, then continued after a moment of reflection. "The guy that painted that was some painter. That guy was an artist!" He turned to Rubels. "If I knew the guy that painted that pitcher I'd hire him on the spot."

"What for?" said Rubels.

"What for?" repeated the stranger, almost wrathfully. "I'm the manager over to the amusement park and I need a good artist to paint banners in front of the shows—pictures of 'Nemo—the Wild Man,' 'Saunders, the Human Skeleton,' 'Pearl, the Midget Princess'—all that stuff. You know. I could keep a real artist busy all the time; we change our banners so often. Lost my artist a month ago. No good anyhow."

"So?" said Rubels. "I painted that picture."

It ended by his getting the job of official artist to the White Paradise Amusement Park. And with it, supreme happiness—for now everything he painted came out of his own head. And over the entrance to the canvas palace of "Pearl, the Midget Princess," a banner bearing a life-size portrait of little Dora Rubels soon appeared. Rubels was an artist.

* * *

The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXIX. THE ARAB MIND AND THE HUNDREDTH DOOR

I T was an Arab who discovered that "among the blind, the one-eyed is king." I infer that he had learned history, that he had studied politics and that he himself was one-eyed. In the south, where they live faster than we of the cold north, they opened the hundredth door while we were just beginning to try the lock with the fiftieth key. So when I am studying the records of progress towards the hundredth door made by our northern races, I am often helped towards understanding my primer lessons by the "Arabian Nights" (Lane's edition, title page and first ten pages missing; covers loose, badly dog-eared) and by other authentic records of life as they were living it near the equator while we were making our laborious way towards the North Pole. I have learned thus that our northern Allfather, Odin, who still insists that we owe him worship at least six days in the week, could hardly do better for us if he had lost his right eye in the tropics instead of the arctic regions. This seems to be demonstrated by the history of the "Third Calendar." As a primer lesson in the study of progress, it seems sufficient in itself, but if the scientific method is insisted on, it may be compared with the demand of *Aladdin* for the roc's egg. The scientific method of comparison is so much slower than "direct intuition" that it accounts for the condition of my copy of the "Arabian Nights" and about twenty-five other volumes, entitled to rank with it, as authentic material

for the study of progress. If among a hundred books I have left exposed for family education in an unlocked bookcase, I find ten years later that twenty-five have been reduced to the condition of my "Arabian Nights" and my "Don Quixote," while the rest are still almost as good as new, I am no longer in doubt of the educational value of those which are most dog-eared and otherwise damaged. By that test, the "Arabian Nights" has a higher educational value than any other book at present in my possession. I do not venture to compare it, of course, with others, which I may suppose to be in my possession, though I may discover later that after being so thoroughly and completely read as to be no longer fit even for my unlocked cases, they have been privately sold to the ragman under well-established precedents of domestic economy.

This observation (which is a genuine observation) is not only pertinent but necessary. Ten people, all under the age of twenty, may spend ten years in making up their minds without knowing it by reading what they suppose is merely amusing. As this applies to the "Arabian Nights," those who when under twenty, read the covers off the book, may discover after passing their fiftieth, sixtieth or ninetieth year that what they once enjoyed as the best stories are authentic and reliable records of what it means and what it costs to make up the human mind. The human mind has several varieties, including the American, from which we may hope the best possible, if it is made up properly. It may be made up soon—perhaps this year, next year, or in the next ten years. As the human mind of the Arab variety was made up finally and conclusively about a thousand years ago, a number of Arab geniuses, with one eye left, discovered that a mistake had been made it was too late to correct. Out of a given hundred ways of making up their minds there had been originally ninety-nine to which they were invited by Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate. There was one way only, the hundredth, which he disapproved. He informed them that if they insisted on opening that last hundredth door, he could not deny them the key, but if they used it, they would certainly regret it forever afterwards. The Third Calendar, as he wished to have an Arab mind, ready-made and completely equipped, up to 100 per cent of efficiency, learned the cost only after he had used the hundredth key. When asked afterwards how he became one-eyed, he probably used the classical Arab formula: "Allah is Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate." To us, this may not seem to be a complete and satisfactory explanation. It is understood at once, however, by Arabs, with their minds made up and one eye left. If with their minds made up, they lose both eyes, they have another explanation, certainly comprehensive and perhaps scientific. "For my sins," they say, "Allah is Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate." After which, as they suppose, there is nothing more to say.

* * *

God's Challenge

By Amelia Josephine Burr

THE story we have written on the past
Is neither to forget nor to undo.
Our memories must walk until the last,
A barrier and a bond between us two.

But wrong beyond the wrong that we have done
Would be to sap the strength of coming years
With shame that makes a darkness of the sun
And fades the web of life with futile tears.

We sinned against the world—then ours to give
The world a service greater than our sin,
An understanding love for all who live
That could not be except for what has been.

Thank God for his high challenge—it shall bring
Grapes from our thorns, and from our bitter well
Sweet waters for the strength and comforting
Of those who walk in safety where we fell.

For the Red Cross

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 1, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I read with some interest an article in your issue of September 14th, entitled "The Row in the Red Cross." The general tone of innuendo and shadowy insinuation assumed by the writer is calculated to do harm to one of the most efficient and patriotic volunteer organizations in the country. I am sure you will not deny me this opportunity to correct certain misapprehensions which might arise from an unthinking perusal of the first article.

The majority of those who are now giving their time, and all their time, freely to the management of the American Red Cross were not familiar with or vitally interested in the organization during Miss Boardman's regime. They refuse now to be drawn into past quarrels or to be interested in old wives' tales of petty jealousies which can have no possible bearing on the usefulness of the Red Cross of to-day.

On January 1, 1917, the Red Cross numbered a membership of 22,000. Today over 4,000,000 men and women are enrolled under the standard which means unselfish service.

The task of making this enormous organization operate efficiently is one that is challenging the best business and administrative ability of the country.

Mr. Henry P. Davison has surrounded himself in Washington by almost a hundred men who have set aside their large personal affairs to devote all of their time to the service of the Red Cross. These men are seeking knowledge from every expert source. They are in daily communication with the army and navy departments as well as with our forces abroad and the governments of our Allies.

The information gathered by them is transmitted to every Red Cross chapter, branch and auxiliary in the country and through them, the handiwork of these chapters is carried to camp, cantonment, or hospital here or across the seas.

The Red Cross is rapidly developing into the biggest business these big business men have ever tackled. In order to simplify the organization they have divided the country into thirteen divisions, each in charge of a division manager and responsible directly to him. These division managers are all volunteers, like Mr. James R. Garfield of Cleveland, Mr. Marshall Hale of San Francisco and Mr. George W. Simmons of St. Louis. Their own bureau heads are likewise volunteers and the only expenses incurred are for necessary clerical and stenographic work, postage, printing, rent in some cases and the bare necessities of conducting business. Salaries where they are paid are normal and two statements have already been issued to the papers listing their amounts. The Red Cross is being run and will be run as an open book and every item received and expended will be listed for all to scrutinize.

The Red Cross has no large permanent fund; less than half of the \$120,000,000 war fund has been collected to



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Piano Salon—Sixth Floor

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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

date. On the first of September, some \$13,000,000 had been expended in Europe. The expenditures from now on bid fair to be made more rapidly and on a much larger scale. Such amounts of the war fund as have already been paid in are deposited in banks to the credit of the secretary of the treasury. As these funds are needed by the Red Cross, they are brought to New York and deposited in the Central Trust Company. Mr. Davison early made the stipulation that none of the money should be deposited in banks in which any member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. held any stock. All deposits of the Red Cross receive interest so that the money is well cared for.

A list of those banks which are at present the custodians of Red Cross funds will be published. There is not the slightest objection to giving the names of the business concerns which receive contracts from the Red Cross. This list likewise will be published.

Everyone connected with the Red Cross in an administrative capacity feels



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keenly the responsibility of his position and appreciates the right of the American people to examine closely his policies. The people are the Red Cross, not the officials. The local chapter, country branch, cross roads auxiliary is the American Red Cross. The organization merely provides the channels through which may flow the money, the garments, the hospital dressings or the other service which the people supply. Red tape is being cut as rapidly as possible and a gigantic machine running at top speed is being rebuilt while running to meet the greatest problems of relief which the world has ever been called upon to solve.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS LA BEAUME,
Director of Publicity.

MELSHEIMER'S Restaurant is now open on Sunday evenings, serving only a *table d'hôte* dinner from six to nine and a regular *a la carte* service from nine to one.

In offering this innovation we feel that we are doing our bit in the restoration of night life in downtown St. Louis. We trust that it will meet with the approval of our discriminating patrons as well as the general public, who, combined, have made MELSHEIMER'S not only a successful restaurant but also a St. Louis institution. Concert music.

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"Why couldn't Eve 'ave the measles, old boundah?" "Cawn't say that I know. Why?" "Because she 'ad 'Adam, old fellow."—*Jack-o'-Lantern*.

The Gifts of the Gods

By Lord Dunsany

There was once a man who sought a boon of the gods. For peace was over the world and all things savored of sameness, and the man was weary at heart and sighed for the tents and the war-fields. Therefore he sought a boon of the ancient gods. And appearing before them he said to them, "Ancient gods; there is peace in the land where I dwell, and indeed to the uttermost parts, and we are full weary of peace. O ancient gods, grant us war."

And the ancient gods made him a war.

And the man went forth with his sword, and behold it was even war. And the man remembered the little things that he knew, and thought of the quiet days that there used to be, and at night on the hard ground dreamed of the things of peace. And dearer and dearer grew the wonted things, the dull but useful things of the days of peace, and remembering these he began to regret the war, and sought once more a boon of the ancient gods, and appearing before them he said: "O ancient gods, indeed but a man loves best the days of peace. Therefore take back your war and give us peace, for indeed, of all your blessings, peace is best."

And the man returned again to the haunts of peace.

But in a while the man grew weary of peace, of the things that he used to know and the savor of sameness again, and sighing again for the tents and appearing once more to the gods, he said to them: "Ancient gods, we do not love your peace, for indeed the days are dull, and a man is best at war."

Again the gods made him a war.

And there were drums again, the smoke of camp-fires again, wind in the waste again, the sound of horses at war, burning cities again, and the things that wanderers know; and the thoughts of that man went home to the ways of peace; moss upon lawns again, light on old spires again, sun upon gardens again, flowers in pleasant woods, and sleep and the paths of peace.

And once more the man appeared to the ancient gods and sought from them one more boon, and said to them: "Ancient gods, indeed but the world and we are aweary of war and long for the ancient ways and the paths of peace."

So the gods took back their war and gave him peace.

But the man took counsel one day and communed long with himself and said to himself: "Behold, the wishes I wish, which the gods grant, are not to be much desired; and if the gods should one day grant me a wish and never revoke it (which is a way of the gods), I should be sorely tried because of my wish; my wishes are dangerous wishes and not to be desired."

And therefore he wrote an anonymous letter to the gods, writing: "O ancient gods, this man that hath four times troubled you with his wishes, wishing for peace and war, is a man that hath no reverence for the gods, speaking ill

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THERE is magic to their names in the realm of fashion. There is an assurance of authority back of the styles they produce--they possess a distinction that appeals to the discriminating women who are looking for the unusual with the assurance it is correct.

And these are not three fashion leaders, they are three organizations, each one employing a number of artist designers.

The fact that we control exclusively for St. Louis these lines, as well as those of other makers of repute, is an assurance of individuality and, above all, of exclusiveness of the styles that are here shown.

It is this intimate contact with the sources of style that makes our displays so interesting, and accounts for the fact that the newest style ideas are always launched here far in advance of their general appearance. Our garment sections are always "a step ahead."

STIX, BAER & FULLER

of them on days when they do not hear, and speaking well of them only on holy days and at the appointed hours when the gods are hearkening to prayer. Therefore grant no more wish to this impious man."

And the days of peace wore on and

there rose again from the earth, like mist in the autumn from fields that generations have ploughed, the savor of sameness again. And the man went forth one morning and appeared once more to the gods, and cried "O ancient gods; give us but one war again, for I

would be back to the camps and debatable borders of lands."

And the gods said: "We hear not well of your way of life, yea ill things have come to our hearing, so that we grant no more the wishes you wish."—From *To-day (London)*.

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The Symphony Season

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will open its 1917-18 season with a "pop" concert Sunday afternoon, November 11, and the following Friday afternoon and Saturday night will give its first pair of regular symphony concerts. Interest seems focusing round the opening of the symphony series this year in a way never before seen, and the Symphony Society is predicting the best season in every way of the orchestra's history. Some of the widening of public interest is believed to be due to war conditions, which are making the people turn to music as a solace from the worries and, to some, the sorrows of the time. But much is because there is no real gayety this winter either in St. Louis or elsewhere. America is too serious-minded now to care for frivolity, and like the European countries who have been longer in the war, this country is taking its diversions intellectually.

This, or some other reason, has boosted the advance season subscription sale to a point never before reached at this date, and has caused the orchestra management to look forward to a larger subscription before the season opens than was on the books at the close of last year's concert series. According to the

announcement of Manager A. J. Gaines, the advance sale already is within \$2,000 of last season's total.

Artistically, also, the coming season will be an epochal one. A prospectus just issued by the Symphony Society announces a continuance of the orchestra's augmented strength of eighty men, and a list of soloists that never has been excelled. Mme. Louise Homer, the famous American contralto, heads the list and will be the first artist presented. Fritz Kreisler, great violinist, is, of course, the star of the list. Others are Harold Bauer, "master pianist;" Emilio de Gogorza, baritone; Sascha Jacobinoff, violinist; Reinhard Werrenrath, baritone; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Guiomar Novaes, pianiste; Willem Willeke, 'cellist; Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano; and Helen Stanley, soprano.

The works to be performed during the year also indicate an exceptionally fine set of programmes. Among the less familiar compositions promised by Conductor Zach are D'Indy's "Symphony on a French Mountain," the "Faust" symphony by Liszt, which requires a full male chorus and a vocal soloist in addition to the orchestra, the Rachmaninow symphonic poem "Isle of Death," Chadwick's "Tam o' Shanter," and the Rim-

sky-Korsakow "Scheherazade." Two Beethoven symphonies, one by Brahms, the Caesar Franck symphony, three Tschaikowsky symphonies, one of which will be the great "Manfred," and a Wagner programme are among the other works promised.

The orchestra will remain the same in size but will have some changes in its personnel on account of the war. A number of its younger members have either enlisted or been drafted and now are serving under the flag. Their places have been satisfactorily filled. One of the new faces this year will be that of the former popular young first 'cellist, Max Steindel, who returns as leader of the 'cello section after three years on the solo concert stage.

Conductor Zach has announced that rehearsals will begin November 5, and all members of the orchestra now playing other engagements have been notified to be on hand on that date.

♦♦♦

Bilton—Aren't you spending too much?

Mrs. Bilton—No, dear; you don't make enough for me to do that.—*Life*.

♦♦♦

"Mammy, what yo' goin' to gib me on mah birthday?" "Nuffin', if yo's good, chile."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

Toronto in War-Time

By Michael Fane

When you start for Toronto from Buffalo, you lean back comfortably in your chair and prepare yourself for a view of the Niagara river. Just across that stream lies His British Majesty's dominion, and once over, you are in "furrin parts." Here is the river now, factory-bordered, a stretch of water as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis, flowing over its high plateau to the Falls, swirling swiftly, blue, pellucid almost. You look out of the car window and convince yourself that if you ever want to jump off a bridge to end matters this is the best bridge attainable for the purpose, for once over even the strongest swimmer would find a current too strong to overcome. We are now on the other side and the train stops. It is held up, apparently, and suddenly enter two uniformed men with gold facings to their caps. The men are rosy-looking, smiling, affable, and you produce your suit cases and impedimenta for customs inspection. You are asked two questions:

"Are you a citizen of the United States?"

"Are you visiting Canada or do you intend to remain?"

Whereupon you declare your citizenship and your purposes. My traveling companion, a Pittsburg coal operator, is a sufferer from nervousness and is accompanied by a male nurse, a Swiss, who is a naturalized American. There was no trouble as to ourselves, but Ernest, with his spectacles, his foreign accent and his embarrassment under official scrutiny was quite another pair of shoes. There resulted much questioning, much explanation, an argument by Ernest's employer, and finally a declaration by the smiling official who now spoke sharply: "The next time you come to Canada bring your papers with you." Ernest, blood-red under the concentrated attention of the passengers, murmurs, "Yes, sir."

There are a number of officers on the train, fine, upstanding young men of the university type. They are bound for the aviation school at Toronto, but whether as teachers or scholars we do not know. The Curtis Airplane works are at Buffalo and aviators are numerous about that city.

The minute that we get to the hotel at Toronto we realize that we are in a war country. Her soldiers and officers are walking about or sitting in the large leather chairs. The soldiers are mostly of the Highlander type, with a Scotch cap resting on the right ear and about one-eighth of the top of the head. I shall never be quite satisfied about this Highlander uniform until I see some wearer of it remove it piece by piece. There is an awful lot to it, what with its belts and sashes and bandoliers and bags, to say nothing of the kilt, the thick plaid stockings, the spats and the heavy shoes. It is a fearful and wonderful costume and I find myself gazing at the bare knees and legs of these fellows fascinated. The Canadian officer appears to be the last word in military dandysim; classier, oh, much classier than our young men. They sport a good deal of leather and metal and each and every one of them carries a swagger stick.

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Their coats fit tightly above the waist and flare loosely below. A leather belt and leather bandolier, drawn tightly, give an emphasis to waist and shoulder that is revelative of the torso to the nicest line. The leather puttees and tight trousers give a trimness to the figure unattainable to the civilian. And every man Jack of them appears to have his Jane. About the hotel are war placards, appealing for patriotic support of various worthy movements. One of the most conspicuous is an American appeal: "Columbia Calls You." Columbia, a deified magazine-cover girl, enwrapped in a star-spangled banner, appeals to travelers and vacationists to come to the support of the Navy Defense League and send in money to supply comforts for the U. S. jackies.

Toronto is a city of over 500,000 population. It has sent 65,000 men to the front and it is sending more every month. The reverse side to the military dandyism that one sees everywhere is the sight of ruddy-looking young chaps on crutches, with one leg missing or with an empty sleeve or one arm in a sling, or being led about with eyes bandaged. I read in the evening paper of the arrival of a hospital ship at Montreal with 800 wounded men, and following the announcement is a half-column of names of the Toronto boys among them and on their way home. There are three or four columns—almost an entire page—of news items, each with a vignette portrait, of official announcements of dead, wounded and missing. "Pte. (Private) Stanley killed." "Sergt. Major McMillan wounded." "Corp. Struthers wounded." "Pte. Lister ill." "Bomb. Astill killed." "Sergt. Ivy gassed." "Lieut. Rook missing." One reads them over rather breathlessly. This, then, is war. This is indeed the reverse side. The announcements are brief. Name, age, company, regiment, rank, local address, names of parents, all appear briefly and without comment; facts only stated. The following is an example:

"Driver F. E. Robinson, 11 Rusholme road, son of W. J. Robinson, was gassed on Sept. 15. Although born in Orangeville, he spent most of his life in Toronto, and when he enlisted was engaged with the Hydro-Electric Co. He was 20 years old and driver of an ammunition column at the front."

Here are brief chronicles of clerks, accountants, salesmen, laborers, switchmen, engineers, firemen, plumbers, messengers and followers of the various callings of city life, killed, wounded, in hospital or "missing," which may mean anything, but generally signifies capture by the enemy. One wonders how soon our own papers will begin to publish these gruesome news items. What a serious it will give to a subject which is now a matter merely of excitement, novelty and enthusiasm. This information is supplied by the family of the unfortunate in each case. No information is given as to where the casualty took place. The Admiralty or some other department sends an official notice, reading after this manner:

"When Pte. Whyte was extricated from the trenches we thought he was only slightly wounded but, unfortunately, he died a few hours later. He is buried in a soldier's graveyard. Your son's comrades join me in expressing the deepest sympathy for you and your family in your great bereavement."

"They go back as soon as possible, even before they are fit. Many of them go back to be killed. It is a matter of common occurrence to read of the death of this or that young fellow who has been over here for convalescence and who returned to the front."

"How about those who return?"

"They go back as soon as possible, even before they are fit. Many of them go back to be killed. It is a matter of common occurrence to read of the death of this or that young fellow who has been over here for convalescence and who returned to the front."

There is an appeal in an evening paper for "In Memoriam Verses." It is a call upon those who are "poetically

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For afternoon wear. For the theater. For social occasions. For motoring. Many of the newer styles are half cloth and half fur—an effect that is often more pleasing than all fur. The variety is exceptional—when you consider that exclusive coat styles are not at all plentiful.

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The Frocks and the Gowns

Very few stores can show you an adequate variety of exclusive frocks and gowns. The ordinary styles are everywhere—but garments like these cannot be seen in every shop window.

* * *

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* * *

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Although but a youth, Pte. Whyte was a good soldier, willing and reliable."

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"They go back as soon as possible, even before they are fit. Many of them go back to be killed. It is a matter of common occurrence to read of the death of this or that young fellow who has been over here for convalescence and who returned to the front."

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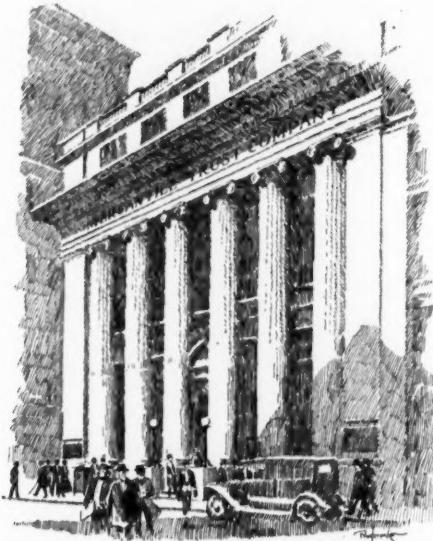
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inclined" to furnish sentiments for afflicted persons who have to announce the loss of a kinsman. "Each day," says the paper, "marks the anniversary of some hero in action. His friends wish to remember him and make public the event. Many, however, are at a loss to proceed. It is in the belief that an "In Memoriam" notice is the most simple and fitting tribute that can be paid that these verses are being asked for. Daily dozens of inquiries are made by people who are anxious to insert one of these public reminders of the death of a loved one. In many cases those who do this have been deterred by lack of suitable verses."

The bulletin boards in front of newspaper offices contain announcements of casualties occurring to well-known officers and men. "Gen. Maxwell killed," "Gen. Bridges seriously wounded." And so on. The while there is always a quiet, thoughtful crowd reading earnestly the brief statements. One feels the dramatic tenseness, the quiet speaking eloquently of the sense of dread that lies behind this quest for news of the latest victims.

A noticeable result of the war conditions is a severe shortage of domestic help. There is a governmental department engaged in the registration and supply of house servants. With 63 applications in one day for help of this kind but 16 orders were filled. Of these, many had children to be taken with them. The majority of the applicants for such work have one, two or three children, and can work only during certain hours of the day. Women requiring maids have either to take servants with children or such day service as they may be fortunate enough to secure. There is a distinct tendency to factory work by girls. The employment of women as munitions workers has given them a preference for factory over store employment, and factories are taking them in to replace men.

Placards in the hotel restaurant read: "Bacon and beef not served Tuesdays or Fridays. On other days, bacon furnished only for breakfast and beef for dinner." The busiest man in the Dominion is W. J. Hanna, Food Controller. Besides having charge of food supplies, he is also in charge of fuel. Mr. Hanna is giving general satisfaction with his administration, although attacked frequently by partisan papers. There appears to be more politics of the old-fashioned kind in Canada than in the United States, and partisanship is much more apparent in the Canadian newspapers than in our own. Food Controller Hanna is praised by one side for his stand with regard to middlemen and damned on the same score by the other. He declares that it is no part of his duties to put the middleman out of business. He does not believe that it is good business or good sense to attempt to eliminate the middleman who is, he declares, a necessary cog in the machinery of trade. His business, as he sees it, is to prevent the middleman or anyone else from making excessive profits or creating artificial shortages. There are over 100,000 food cards out in Toronto, circulated among housewives, with a view to determining what can be done to alleviate the high cost of living. There is a strong civic movement to effect decreases in living costs

and furnishing general information as to the cheapest foods. Reports received from food card and other organizations are submitted to Mr. Hanna for his information. Bacon appears to be very scarce. Mr. Hanna will soon have to tell the people why, as some of them believe it is being held in cold storage for higher prices than the present figure, fifty cents a pound, and others think that it is going over to the "States." Dressed chicken is thirty cents a pound. Fish, eighteen cents a pound. A government fish market has recently been started to furnish this form of food cheaply.

Canada is a good field for coal at present, there being a marked coal shortage and no questions asked as to price. There is but one question about coal. It is "Have you the coal?" The high prices for coal in Canada have inspired Washington to license all coal shippers and thus effect a regulation of price on the American side.

I was taken to a great department store in Toronto—Eaton's. Its greatness can be imagined when it is considered that it employs, according to the season, from 9,000 to 12,000 people. With its auxiliary buildings, many of them of ten stories in height, it covers about six city blocks. It is to be housed soon in a new building that is to cost \$15,000,000. Eaton's store has sent 2,600 of its men employes to the front and these men are all kept under pay—full pay for the married and half-pay for the single. The photographs of these men are to be found in an inspiring display on the fourth floor of the store. The proprietor paid for the equipment of a full regiment of soldiers. I have never heard of a more admirable example of patriotism on the part of an employer.

Here in Toronto there are so many beautiful residences that one wonders where all the wealth comes from that builds and supports them. The majority of homes are of the order that costs from \$15,000 to \$40,000. There are no frame or wooden houses. All are of brick or stone, detached and with beautiful, spacious grounds. It appears that the people who make their "pile" in western and northwestern Canada realize the fulfillment of a long-cherished ambition by coming to Toronto to live. There are many Sir Jameses and Sir Johns and Sir Arthurs here, whose titles have been conferred for honorable service in their respective capacities by the British government. There is a lieutenant-governor here, an appointee of the governor-general, and like him a social rather than a political figure. The lieutenant-general is housed in a mansion that is nothing short of palatial. There is a titled Torontonian here who has a house that, set upon a hill, looks like "the castled crag of Drachenfels." It is so large, so new, so white-stony and splendiferous that it makes Frick's new home on Fifth avenue, New York, look like a cottage.

Beyond the appearance of uniformed men in the streets there is little in the external aspect of Toronto that speaks of war. Business is going on, not as usual, but as briskly as in a boom town. The streets are filled with lively, chatty people; the theatres are crowded with amusement-seekers; the hotels are filled to overflowing. Only the soldiers, the

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flags and the patriotic placards and wall-posters speak of war. There are no saloons. Prohibition rules. The hotel bars dispense beers and wines that have less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of alcohol. They say that one drink is any man's limit. I know it was mine.

❖❖❖

Coming Shows

With the glamour of spectacular New York and Chicago successes still strong upon it, Selwyn and Company's "Fair and Warmer" will come to the Jefferson theatre the week commencing Sunday. This most dazzling and ludicrous of the Avery Hopwood royal line of farces will be presented by an excellent cast of farceurs including Edna Hibbard, Maud Andrew, Florence Ryerson, John Arthur, William H. Sullivan, Chester Ford, John Morris and Ralph Simone. Selling out for its first performance, "Fair and Warmer" went on with increasing popularity until it set the record for Broadway, making more money at the Eltinge theatre than "Within the Law" had made there four years before, until then the "big business" record. No advertising was necessary in New York and the show was in demand from every part of the country, a good six months before Selwyn and Company were able to put it on tour.

❖

One of the foremost actresses on the American stage, Julia Arthur, will be the headliner at the Orpheum, commencing with matinee Monday. Miss Arthur will be presented by Martin

Beck, president and general director of the Orpheum circuit. Miss Arthur has as her vehicle a stirring patriotic spectacle, "Liberty Aflame." Vaudeville's youngest singing comedienne, Ruth Roye, will appear in a song recital. A reunion of famous vaudevillians, Bonita and Lew Hearn, will be one of the features of the programme. They will present "Bits of Musical Comedy." Other acts on the bill include Hassard Short & Co. in "The Ruby Ray;" Haruko Onuki, Japanese prima donna, in a repertoire of songs; Henry Regal and David Bender in "Drop Us a Line" and Sterling and Marguerite in an athletic surprise. The second episode of "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," which was shown to large audiences last week, will be one of the features of the new programme. This episode shows Germans in their trenches surrendering to the victorious British. The terrific effect of shell fire and the deep craters in the ground caused by exploding shells are portrayed graphically.

❖

"Honor Thy Children," a satirical comedy by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman, successful in all the best vaudeville theatres, will be the big attraction at the Grand Opera House the week starting Monday. It will be presented by a capable company headed by William Lawrence. Other numbers on the programme will be the American Comedy Four, harmony and hilarity; the Two Carletons, gymnastic comiques; Dunlay and Merrill, "Without Rhyme or Reason;" May Le Fevre, character

"Saving for Investment"

What do you do with your surplus funds when they pass the \$500 mark?

Have you studied the difference between investing in enterprises, ownerships and obligations?

How do you choose between good bonds and others?

The writer of "Saving for Investment" has endeavored to answer these questions. His answers may interest you. A copy of the booklet is yours on request.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company FOURTH and PINE

dances; Natalie Morgan, singing comedienne; Moran Sisters, dainty entertainers; Florenz Duo, magic and mirth; Jack Dreadner, songs and sayings; the Keystone comedies and the Universal animated weekly.

❖

"Six Peaches and a Pair" is the attractive title of the headline feature of the vaudeville bill at the Columbia the week starting next Monday. It is a splendid musical comedy novelty with a bevy of beautiful girls. Other attractions will be the Knickerbocker Four, some singers and some songs; the Three Escardos, novelty acrobats on bounding tables; comedy magicians; Deylin and Miller, in a comedy skit entitled "Just One Little Girl;" Al Abbott, "the village songster; Keough Sisters, the frolicsome Misses; Lorimer and Thomas, "Fun A-Wheel;" Delmonte Duo, hoop and boomerang throwers, and the latest photoplays.

❖

"Going Straight" is a brand new production which comes to the American theatre the week commencing with the Sunday matinee. "Going Straight" proves beyond all question that to win in the race for love, honor and wealth it is well to go straight. It is scenically strong. The first scene, Pietro's junk yard in the Lower East Side of New York, shows the New York sky line and Brooklyn bridge spanning the East river. The characters include detectives from Central Headquarters, New York, plain-clothes men, expert cracksmen, an old Italian junk dealer, a widow, a druggist



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and others from Barton Falls, New Jersey, and the president of the Rainbow Mining Company. The scheme is to rob the widow, but she triumphs over all and in the last act she is seen basking in wealth and happiness in her palatial home at Barton Falls.

Again this season George V. Hobart's modern morality, "Experience," has proven so popular at the Shubert-Garrick theatre that Manager Lighton has arranged over the long distance telephone with William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest for an extended engagement of one week, beginning next Sunday evening. Previous bookings render it unlikely that there will be

any further extension of time. The hit duplicates last year's success here. There will be a popular matinee on Wednesday and the usual matinee Saturday afternoon.

The smartest and swiftest cast of the year, headed by Billy Arlington, burlesque's pivot wheel of merriment, will enact "The Golden Crook" at the Gayety all next week. The company is composed of sixty entertainers, including, Eleanor Cochran, Frank Devoe, the Pall Mall trio, Edward Hennessy, Harlie Mayne, Carl Taylor, Hite and Reflow, Walter La Foye and a perfect carnival of beauty in the chorus. This is the show of Jacobs and Jermon, Inc.

On each afternoon, Sunday included, on which the world's championship baseball games are played at Chicago, the results by innings will be announced from the Gayety stage.

* * *

Conference on H. C. L.

The public is invited to attend sessions of the Conference on the High Cost of Living in the assembly room of the public library, Fourteenth and Locust streets, on Saturday, October 6, at 2:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Among the speakers will be Mrs. Joseph Fels on "The Practice of Democracy;" Louis Wallis on "The Blockade Against Business;" Hugh Reid, vice-president of the Illinois People's Power League, on "Coal and the High Cost of Living;" Benjamin C. Marsh, executive secretary of the committee on the High Cost of Living, on "The Conscription of Wealth;" Hon. Frederic C. Howe, immigration commissioner at the port of New York, on "Agriculture and its Enemies;" and Charles H. Ingersoll, chairman of the committee, on "The Liberty Tax." There will also be several local speakers and a general discussion will be open to all present.

Mrs. Fels will speak at the City Club on Saturday at noon.

The Conference on the High Cost of Living calls attention, as the culmination of all other efforts at reducing the H. C. of L., to the salutary efficacy of the single tax as such a reducer.

Mrs. Fels is the chief support of the International Single Tax Association, continuing the benevolences of her late husband to that movement. She owns *The Public* (New York), the chief organ of that movement and of fundamental democracy. She has given \$100,000 to the Zionist movement for repatriation of the Jews in Palestine. Likewise she is an advocate of woman suffrage and public ownership of public utilities. She is probably the most effective woman participant in the various movements that command her abilities and sympathies.

* * *

Marts and Money

They have a pretty sick market on the Wall street exchange. It is in a highly nervous condition and subject to fits of severe depression. The occasional rallies are feeble and spasmodic. They are invariably succeeded by fresh syncopes. Naturally, the financial pathologists are very busy trying to discover and explain the causes of the prolonged disease. There's frequent feeling of the patient's pulse, significant shrugging of the shoulders, and much reasoning of a more or less recondite character. There was rejoicing, the other day, when Steel common advanced to 113 $\frac{1}{4}$, or exactly ten points above the recent low notch of 103 $\frac{3}{4}$. Some doctors ventured the opinion that the crisis had been passed. They stressed the fact that the railroad stocks displayed a "good tone." They called attention to the rise of six points in the value of Union Pacific. Their opinionation was wrong, however. For Steel common fell back to 107 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Union Pacific to 127 $\frac{1}{2}$. Simultaneously, there occurred new serious breaks in the quotations for Baltimore & Ohio common, Chicago, M. & St. Paul common and preferred, Canadian Pacific, and Reading common. St. Paul common sank to 54—another absolute minimum since 1895, when 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ was touched. St. Paul preferred dropped below par. The débâcle in these instances evoked hints of a passing of the common dividend four months hence. We are informed that nothing is being earned on this class of stock. The renewal of heavy liquidation of Canadian Pacific occasioned no particular comment. It seemed to be taken as a matter of course. With regard to Reading common, which is of the par value of \$50, the mouthpieces of pessimism argued that it should not be quoted at a higher figure than 60, the regular dividend rate being only \$4 per annum, equal to 8 per cent. Last year's maximum was 115 $\frac{1}{2}$. On September 13 last, the price was down to 77 $\frac{1}{2}$. Reading common has for many years been in the hands of millionaire manipulators. Its quoted value has almost always been utterly out of proportion to the dividend rate. Lehigh Valley, another stock of this class, is quoted at 60, against 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ on October 5, 1916. This stock, also, is of the par value of \$50; holders get \$10 per annum. The prices of all steel shares rose quickly, three to six points, after the announcement that the federal government had ordered a reduction of about 50 per cent in the prices of the principal products of the steel producers. It was a bluff, designed to complete the discomfiture of parties who had been optimistic sellers at the low quotations of a few weeks since. Crucible Steel common advanced from 71 to 75. The latest quotation is 70 $\frac{1}{4}$. Owners of it receive no dividends, and never have since date of incorporation in 1900. In 1915, speculators raised the stock's quotation to 109 $\frac{1}{2}$. One of the bright features was Distilling Securities, the value of which was hoisted from 31 to 39 $\frac{1}{2}$, on reports that "the company is now selling whiskey at \$30 a case which costs only about \$5 a case to manufacture." Some joke, don't you think? It gives one a new inkling of the real caliber of the general stock market. The company is said to control 75 per cent of the country's supply of whiskey. In 1916, the high notch for Distillers was 54 $\frac{1}{2}$. The absolute high record—78—was set in 1907. Efforts to vitalize the situation on the exchange were not furthered by developments in the money market. At one time the rate for call loans was as high as 7 per cent, while time loans continued firm at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent. Wall street feels certain that the bankers are resolved to prevent a recurrence of bold bull maneuvers for a few weeks at least, or until the second installment of the liberty loan, now fixed at \$3,000,000,000, has successfully been disposed of. It is admitted in some prominent quarters that there is distressingly little support to the stock market, that even the best investment issues are treated with indifference, in spite of the extensive depreciation already recorded. The weakness of railroad stocks is considered all the more astonishing because the banking institutions insist that loan envelopes must contain at least 60 per cent of this kind of certificates. Exchange traders hold that the bankers' idea is all wrong. They declare that there's a better market for good industrials than for even the choicest of railroad shares. Peace

rumors bob up every other day, but get hardly any attention. Some interest was shown, for a few minutes, when it was stated that Col. Edward House had been entrusted by the President with the difficult task of gathering economic statistics for the eventual peace conference, but the subject was curtly dismissed after Washington had gone to the trouble of explaining that the collection of data had no immediate important significance, and that all the other belligerent governments had been engaged in that kind of work for the past six months. The 3½ per cent liberty bonds are now rated at a slight premium. There is notably large trading in them every day. The bonds are bought for people who attach superior value to them on account of their being free from all taxation. The new 4 per cent bonds will be subject to the surtax. Take the case of a man who has an income of \$82,000 a year. If he owns a \$1,000 4 per cent liberty bond, he receives \$40 per annum. His surtax on that interest will be \$5.11, and he will thus receive only \$34.39, net. If he owns a 3½ per cent \$1,000 liberty bond, which is exempt from levies, his net income will be \$35. There can be no question that a substantial portion of liquidation in the stock market emanates from parties who are anxious to evade the heavy rates of taxation that the nation will have to bear for years to come. The latest weekly statement of the New York clearing-house institutions disclosed excess surplus reserves of \$77,012,000. This indicates a shrinkage of \$5,742,000 when contrasted with the record of the previous week. On August 4, the figures were \$168,735,000. The quotations for foreign exchange show increasing irregularity. Sight drafts on London are rated at \$4.75½, the lowest level for quite a while. French exchange is held at 5.79½, as compared with a normal rate of 5.19. Russian rubles, which sold at 17½ cents some days ago, have relapsed to 14½. British consols and French rentes display a sinking tendency, their latest respective quotations being 54½ and 60.75. Their recent high notches were 56 and 63.25. The value of silver has declined rather sharply, that is, from \$1.08½ to 96½ cents. The break brought no enlightening explanation. The real market value of silver, it is stated, was up to \$1.16 at one time in the New York market. There's considerable criticism of attempts to establish "official" quotations. People who claim to be well informed do not hesitate to assert that bankers are bitterly opposed to a further upward movement in the price of the white metal. The *Wall Street Journal* suggested, lately, that the \$568,370,219 silver dollars in the federal treasury be shipped to London and that the amount be replaced by gold coin or gold certificates. "Federal reserve notes," said this organ of Wall street, "with their part gold security, would be the most economical substitution. In the final analysis, it is difficult to see the difference between two forms of paper money when both are accepted in confidence by the public. The change would imply a measure of inflation on the one hand, in place of a crude economic waste in our currency system on the other." These words are worth pondering. "When both are accepted in confidence by the public"—"the change would imply a measure of

What the Draft Revealed

THOUSANDS and thousands of men incapacitated for war because of physical disability—a vast multitude parading as of normal physique, but found wanting when put to even a cursory test!

And by the same token unfitted for life's strenuous demands—not one of them able to give to wife and children a well man's full measure of endeavor. A will to do, but inability to perform.

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inflation"—palpable admissions, these. More anon.

Do you still own a copy of Harvey's primer of 1896?



Finance in St. Louis

On the local stock exchange proceedings continue tame and featureless, speaking in a broad sense. The speculative element is moving cautiously, on the idea, no doubt, of a more important reaction in the near future. Thus far, the increased profit-taking has done no serious damage in any important quarter. Investment buying is on a petty scale. It is almost insignificant when compared with that of 1915 and the early part of 1916. Brokers are well sup-

CHARLIE DANIELS,

Manager of the GAYETY, wishes to announce that each inning played between the White Sox and the New York Giants for the World's Championship will be announced from the stage at the matinee performances during the series.

plied with offerings of first-class bonds, the quotations for which indicate yields that would have been regarded as uniquely tempting in ante-bellum days. But their capitalistic customers are quite indifferent. They seem to be expectant of still better buying opportunities. Conditions of a similar kind obtain all over the nation.

United Railways 4s displayed a decidedly drooping tendency in the last few days. This, in the absence of im-

portant offerings. The present price of 58 shows a decline of over five points when contrasted with the high mark attained immediately after the publication of the company's preliminary agreement with the municipality. The totality of transfers was \$15,000. The preferred stock held fairly steady, with sales of one hundred shares at 20.75. Ten shares of the common were taken at 6. One hundred and twenty shares of Ely-Walker D. G. common brought 118.50

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JOSEPH DANA MILLER
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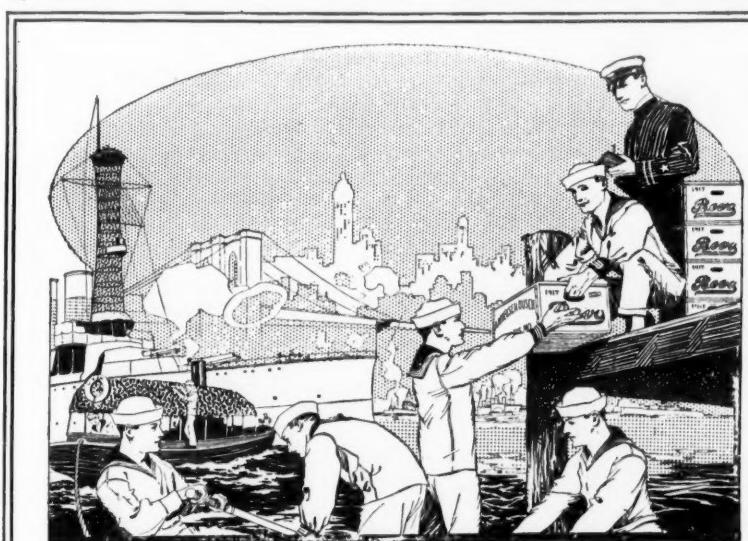
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